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Britannia
Brand

THE

# VOICE

OF

# BRITAIN.

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TO

*HIS SERENE HIGHNESS*

CHARLES WILLIAM FERDINAND

*HEREDITARY* PRINCE

OF

BRUNSWICK,

THE ANNEXED EPITHALAMIUM

IS WITH ALL HUMILITY ADDRESSED

ON *HIS* INTERMARRIAGE WITH

*HER ROYAL HIGHNESS*

THE PRINCESS AUGUSTA

OF

GREAT BRITAIN.

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I.

ACCEPT, GREAT SIR, my votive Lays,
Devoid of incenſe-offering Praiſe;
That *Boon* let others claim,
Of WAR-won Honours, Conqueſt ſing,
High ſoar on EPIC, EAGLE-Wing
To celebrate thy FAME!

II.

LET others hail thy Source of Joy,
On natal Day all HEAVEN employ,
The various Gifts define—
An Angel-Face gave VENUS kind,
MINERVA, thou the heavenly Mind,
And hence the Nymph DIVINE.

III. To

III.

To avert, allure thy raptur'd Sight
From dear, dear Object of Delight,
Court muſt the Muſe in vain:
Mid' feſtive Joys, thy Conſort near,
Enough, if BRUNSWIC deign to hear
BRITANNIA's heart-felt Strain.

IV.

" TUNEFUL Nine the Lay inſpire!
Come thou GOD of ſoft Deſire
Awhile, ſuſpend thy Flight!
CONGENIAL SOULS confeſs thy Sway,
E'er the hymenæal Day
The BRAVE and GOOD unite.

V.

" CONGENIAL HEARTS confeſs thy Power,
Wide Realms, and Floods, and diſtant Shore
Defeat not thy Deſign.
Emblem of UNISON of SOUL,
The faithful MAGNET to the POLE
Wide diſtant will incline.

VI. " HYMEN

VI.

" HYMEN wave thy purple Wings,
Joy-crown'd while BRITANNIA ſings
Eradiant TORCH diſplay;
Emulate the FOUNT of LIGHT,
Or the ſilver QUEEN of Night,
Give the ſofter Day.

VII.

" Wake ye co-attendant Choir,
Wake the gentle-breathing LYRE,
To the HEART make Pleaſure thrill:
Then ſtrike the golden HARPS around,
Swell the deep-voic'd more majeſtic Sound,
The SOUL with RAPTURE fill!

VIII.

" To THEE! my ardent Voice ſhall riſe,
Bear ye ANGELS through the Skies
The dying—dying Voice on Wing,
No waft it not. More ſwift than you
Flies the heaven-aſpiring VOW
To ſupplicate your KING.

IX. " FOUNT

IX.

" FOUNT of BLISS, ALL-GRACIOUS HEAVEN!
By *thee* KINGS reign, and Power is given
To PRINCES of the Land;
Be THINE, O be thy *Sovereign Will*,
On THESE who now our Preſence fill,
To ſhed with plenteous Hand!

X.

" As planetary *Spheres* diſpenſe
The delegated Influence
Beam'd by the *World's great Eye*,
In harmonious, myſtic Dance,
Thy tuneful *Praiſe*, thy *Power* advance,
And ornament the Sky:

XI.

" So when theſe fair *Planets* go
To Realms remote, with Rapture's Glow
Thy *Praiſe*, thy *Power* reſound;
As near THY celeſtial *Throne*,
On low Earth THY Will is done,
And BLISS diffus'd around.

XII. CROWN

XII.

" CROWN wedded LOVE. O, may they ſoon
See Heirs of *Glory* and *Renown*,
Beauteous Offſpring riſe;
Endear whoſe Smiles, give ſweet Preſage,
Whoſe ſemblant Looks long—long engage
The Parents love-delighted Eyes.

XIII.

" THROUGH Ages thus may hoary *Time*
Above the Star-harmonious Chime
Exalt the Fame-enroll'd fair *Brunſwic* Name;
And e'er Age-ſlow, thy Length of Day
Shall ſet, ſhall die, tranſmit the Ray
To Heaven's *Compeer*, and eternize [FAME. their

XIV.

" FLY winged HOURS, fly o'er each Head,
New Pleaſures emulative ſhed
E'er old Endearments cloy:
May the SISTERS heavenly-born
Pleaſure's flowery Paths adorn—
Be this your ſweet Employ.

XV. CELES-

XV.

" CELESTIAL HARMONY! deſcend,
Conjoin'd with LOVE their Steps attend,
In Paths of WISDOM move;
May delegated Joys abound,
And Life be one continued Round
Of *Harmony* and *Love*.

XVI.

" The Vow heart-prompted HEAVEN will hear,
Hence, joy bright hence, my Looks appear;
Yet, O! fam'd PRINCE forgive,
If tender Scenes BRITANNIA's Eyes employ,
If in her ſoft'ning Aſpect *Grief* and *Joy*
The double Paſſion live.

XVII.

" EMBOSOM'D thy fair Conſort I
Behold with joy-enliven'd Eye
In theſe my COURTS reſide---
Not beautiful, but BEAUTY's Queen,
Long has thy AUGUSTA been
My ORNAMENT, my PRIDE.

XVIII. YET

XVIII.

" YET myriad Charms around me wait,
Adorn, fair LIBERTY, thy Seat!
With new Delight I gaze:
*Grace* in her Steps, lo, here preſides,
In *Wiſdom*'s Path ſerene who glides
Till *Envy* learns to praiſe!

XIX.

" MINE the Graces, myriad Charms
Adorn my ISLE, now Rapture warms,
Ceaſe---ſhall we ceaſe to grieve?
NOT view that *Hour* with penſive Eye,
When ye BRITANNIA's Preſence fly,
Ah! ſoon my Preſence leave?

XX.

" HAIL HERO! Hail thy fair *Renown!*
Adorns thy *Brow* the *Laurel-Crown*,
All hail thy glorious FAME!
*BRUNSWIC* the *Brave* deſerves the *Fair*;
Yet, O, forgive the grateful Tear,
Since from the *Heart* it came."

XXI. So

XX.

So the rich PARENT ſeeming eyes
An ARM diſſever'd---to ſoft Skies
Wing'd with Intent benign
To ſpread fair BRANCHES, and diſpenſe
The joy-enlivening Influence---
Yet BLEEDS the PARENT-VINE.